

PALMETTO STANDARD.

C. DAVIS MELTON, M.C.,
Editor and Proprietor.

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it had attained the proper level, instantly fired.

"Inside of the point, though not exactly in the middle."

A murmur of applause ran through the little assembly.

"Paul must do well to beat that," said an old hunter, the father of pretty Anne Campbell.

"I know of but one man who I could safely say would beat that shot, and he is a hundred leagues from hence. But I can't tell; Paul is a trump, and he won't be far out of the way, that's certain."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the crack of Williston's rifle was repeated from the bluff.

"Right through the centre of the point!" A simultaneous shout rang out from the crowd. A flush overspread the young victor's face as he suddenly looked toward Anne, who in turn blushed as her eyes met those of Williston. The latter, insidiously averting his glance, encountered the regard of Pierre Boiteux, who with lowering brows and a countenance of sullen mortification had fixed his attention upon the movement of his fortunate companion.

"Come, Pierre," said the latter, "don't be disheartened at my luck. We are to have one more shot; I shall beat you if I can; but I well know that you carry a good rifle."

The half-breed cast about him a hurried look, and once more brought his rifle to a level. It was evident that he took more than usual pains; he fired again, and as the smoke of his piece passed away, again came the distant cry.

"Cut the edge of Paul's shot."

Again was heard the murmur of approbation, though Pierre himself seemed gloomy and self-dissatisfied.

"Sure!" he growled in an under tone. "It was more luck, let him do it again!"

Angry emotion made the words louder than he had intended, for they reached the ear of Paul, who stood close at hand. The latter turned to his companions with compressed lips:

"Joe, Bill, or some of you," said he, "just put up a stick close behind the other, and of the same height, will you? Give my good Killdeer a chance, and let it do its best."

The stake was set up in the position required, and once more Paul levelled "Killdeer" at the mark. There was a breathless pause, when the report, fuming from the ear, came the answer, exulting and distinct.

"Right through the centre again, through the first hole. Struck in the stake behind!"

The hunters rushed upon Williston, snatched him up in their arms, and bore him struggling and convulsed with laughter to the foot of the rustic stage whereon was throned Anne Campbell, radiant with her own beauty and the imparted merriment of the scene.

"Fair queen!" cried one of the jovial crowd, "we bring to thee the gallant woodsman whose doughty arm hath achieved the victory. Let thy hand reward his merit!"

And Harry Toller, whose comparatively learned hand had acquired him the sobriquet of "Squire Harry," with all due gravity led the victorious Paul upon the stage where he was to receive from the hands of beauty the prize of contest. The young hunter, as bound by etiquette, knelt at the feet of Anne, who smiling and blushing at the same time, proceeded to the presentation of the pistols, and finally crowned the hunter with the wreath which she had removed from her own head.

"Thus do I crown thee victor of the field."

"Long live the king and queen," shouted all save Pierre Boiteux, who, standing apart from the crowd, leaned his head upon his rifle, and surveyed the proceedings in sullen silence.

CHAPTER II.

"Back, Diamond!"

The dog looked up with surprise at his master, whose voice was so unusually harsh. Diamond paused; and gazing in the face of the speaker, gave a low whine and seemed with earnest entreaty to ask permission to follow.

Paul, for it was he who had spoken, turned back and patted his faithful servant upon the head.

"Poor Diamond," said he, "I did thee wrong. But so it is with all of us; whenever we are surrounded a little with ill-fortune, we must vent our disappointment upon those who rely upon our love and protection.—Come, Diamond, I was in fault, forgive me!"

Diamond leaped up with joy and kissed his master's hand. Then, with sedate delight, he followed his foot-steps into the forest.

Paul had relapsed into his former fit of dejection, and was walking listlessly along with his rifle upon his shoulder, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Diamond perceived this, and with drooping ears fell into a sympathizing sadness of gait. Thus Paul and Diamond kept their course, till they came close on the edge of a little clearing in the midst of the woods, where an old settler had reared a little dwelling and laid out quite a neat and productive garden.

"Halloo!" cried a sharp, wiry voice.

Paul had little need to use his eyes in order to recognize the speaker, when he could do so readily by ear. It was Martin Smith, whose shrill, hoarse and good sense had

made him quite a favorite with the young man.

"Good-day, Martin," answered Williston.

"What are you hammering at there, with your axe?"

Martin leaned one hand on his axe-handle, while with the other he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Wal, I'm tryin' to cut this log into lengths for my new shed; but 'faly it's as knotty as—as all gum to-day! But Paul, what's it makes ye so glum to-day? I noticed ye comin' with yer head down, man, as if ye were goin' to be hung 'thout benefit o' clergy.—Hang trouble boy, out with it, and may be I'll gin ye a cure."

Paul colored, and endeavored to laugh.—But the shrewd old man was not in the least duped by the attempt. Half shutting one eye, and fixing the other intently on Paul, Martin proceeded with his advice.

"Look ye, Paul," said he, "taint nothin' to be ashamed on, it's human natur'. I can give a pretty high guess at what ails ye, for I know more about it than ye think for. And though I'm a bit older now than I was thirty years ago, perhaps—(here the old hunter chuckled with a sort of suppressed laughter)—perhaps I can give you a lesson or two now, that may be worth the hearin'." Sit down on this log here and let me talk to you a bit about this matter o' your and Ammy Campbell."

Paul now smiled in good earnest at the idea of old Martin turning lecturer upon such a subject, and with a good grace obeyed the injunction of his adviser.

"Wal, Paul," said Martin, "I know it seems a little queer like, but I want to show ye a way out o' the fog; and I reckon I can do it as well as a younger body. Now ye see, I know that ye think that the gal is shifty minded, and that she fancies Harry Toller better than yourself, or any other; and that is partly true, for Harry is a good-looking lad, and has a bit of education, and a sort o' neat turn about him, that taint many has, and it's women's and gals' natur' to like neat and fancy things. They can't help it now'n we can to like rifles and a well turned powder horn. Set me to put a word in your ear, Master Paul. Jist mind and keep as tasty an outside as Harry the 'Squire,' and I'll bet my good rifle agin a rusty musket, that you'll get the start of him yet. Many a jewel's overlooked for want of a good settin', and if ye hide your candle under a bushel, you'll be the wiser! So throw away your bashfulness, and put the best foot forward. You know 'faint heart never won fair lady!'"

"Many thanks for your kind counsel," said Paul, rising up and whistling to his dog.

"I fancy you've studied these sort of matters pretty closely in your young days. But Diamond and I must be on our way or we shall make but an idle day of it."

"So you're going north a bit?" said old Martin, with a sly, inquisitive glance at his companion.

"Now, if I were in your own place, I reckon I wouldn't be long before I gave that Harburn a trial, over there to Porter's Creek. Then claps have been crowin' over the whole country, because, as they say, there's not a rifle to be found that can shoot long-side of Harburn's. Now if you could but just take the conceit out of that fellow, it would be a feather in your cap sure enough, and might go some ways with Ammy Campbell. As for Pierre Boiteux and his ugly eyebrows, he don't stand no chance at all; for the gal wouldn't look at a dozen of him."

Wal, good-day, Paul, and mind what I tell ye."

Paul laughed, nodded his head, and strode away in pretty good humor.

"A long-tongued chap is old Martin," said he to himself; "but for all that there's always something in what he says. I really believe I will give that Harburn a try."

CHAPTER III.

Porter's creek was about twenty miles from Merrivert and the journey thither was not quite so facile of accomplishment, as it would have been on a good New England road; however these considerations are not apt to trouble the mind of a young and energetic hunter like Paul.

The journey had been about half accomplished, when on a rising little knoll a fine buck sprang up before him. He levelled his rifle and fired. The deer faltered, but the shot was not immediately fatal, and the quarry exerted its utmost strength to escape. Diamond was instantly upon his track, and flying upon him brought him to the ground.—At this instant another dog sprang upon the falling deer, while a stranger made his appearance from behind a large tree, and with a loud voice laid claim to the buck, because, as he affirmed, the deer had been wounded by himself. It seems that the two hunters had fired simultaneously, though at different distances; Paul having been the nearer of the two. The dogs, presently quitting the deer which had quickly expired, fell upon each other as if to assert their several rights. The stranger sprang to separate them, and in so doing happened to strike Diamond.—Paul enraged at this, fell upon the hunter and threw him upon the ground. No sooner, however, had this been done, than he found himself turned underneath the grasp of his more powerful antagonist. Paul had too

much of the western fire in his blood. His temper overcame his better self.

"You have the stronger arm, I acknowledge," he cried; "but it is too much like dogs to fight in this way. I defy you to the rifle!"

"Very well," said the other, "It shall be as you say. But first let me show you a specimen of my workmanship."

Thus saying he rose, and taking a small piece of silver about the size of a shilling, fastened it in the bark of a large poplar close at hand.

"Now, observe," said the stranger. "My rifle is unloaded. I will run a hundred yards at full speed, loading as I run, and at that distance I will turn and discharge instantly at the mark."

Paul stared with astonishment on hearing this proposal. The stranger smiled, and starting at full speed ran the appointed distance, and wheeling instantly discharged his piece. The ball entered the centre of the target, while Paul could hardly credit the evidence of his senses.

The stranger returned and held out his hand to Paul.

"Come," said he with a generous frankness, "let us be friends. There is no reason why we should seek each other's blood.—There is trouble enough for us to encounter without quarrelling among ourselves."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Paul, as he grasped with energy the extended hand. "I can well estimate your forbearance, after seeing what you have just performed—but there is no fault in being vanquished by such an antagonist. Let me hear your name; it should be one well known upon the hunting grounds."

"Well," said the hunter, "they call me Will Harburn."

Paul's eyes shone with delight and admiration.

"The very man whose rifle I came to challenge! I little thought so soon to have received a proof of your skill. But come, my lad, I wish to present you to my brave companions at Merrivert. They will be rejoiced to meet one whose name is already well known to them. A day or two will make little difference with you, and if it is in our power to afford you entertainment, you shall have it."

Harburn was pleased at the warmth of his young companion.

"Well," said he, "I will go with you.—But don't trouble yourself about providing for me. A morsel of bear's meat, if you have it, and a skin to roll myself in at night, are luxuries sufficient."

The two hunters now set forth in the direction indicated by Paul, amusing each other with stories of their various experiences in wood craft, and in contest with the wily savage of the wilderness. Harburn gave Paul fresh reasons for admiration, as he recounted several incidents which discovered wonderful presence of mind and aptness of using the many resources which a hunter alone can put out and fully appreciate.

The clearing of old Campbell lay in their way to the dwelling of Paul. The latter cast a glance through the trees as he came near the spot. He started back with horror as he pointed out to Harburn the vision which met his eyes. The cottage of the Campbells was laid in smouldering ruins. Several bodies were seen stretched upon the earth. A wild cry burst from the lips of the unhappy Paul.

"The Indians! the Indians!" was all he could say.

"Be calm, my friend, be calm," exclaimed Harburn, seizing the arm of his young companion, "let us see what they have really done."

The unfortunate youth gave himself up to the direction of the older and more experienced hunter, who, carefully examining the indications around, proceeded with Paul to the scene of ruin.

Here they found the body of old Campbell himself, pierced with several wounds; while around lay the members of his little family, all save Anne.

On observing this exception a ray of hope entered the breast of Paul, who sought to assure himself by the examination of the trail which led from the spot whether she were still living.

"This has been done but a little while," said Harburn, who with unerring eye had been examining the foot-marks, and a piece of moist thick grass through which the enemy had retreated. "There are four of them; three Indians and one white man; and they have carried away with them a young woman."

"How know you that?" exclaimed Paul, who even now was unable to restrain his surprise at his companion's superior intelligence.

"I see the footprints of the poor girl; those are easily understood. But how know you the rest? How can you point out a white man's step, when produced by a moose and when mixed in this way with Indian foot-marks?"

"Of course," replied Harburn who can see the blades of grass have not all arisen yet, and therefore the Indians are not very far upon their path. But as for the white foot-prints, I will quickly show you concerning that. A moose rarely, if ever, makes the same shaped mark upon a white man's foot that it does upon an Indian's. Thus, more

than all some of these marks point outward from the line of march, while the Indian's are always parallel to the line. But how shall we proceed now? Is it best to follow them without assistance?"

"By all means," said Paul hurriedly; "it will take too much time to raise the neighbors; and in the meanwhile we may lose the chance of rescuing Anne."

"You are right," said Harburn, "I perceive you are made of true stuff."

The two friends set forward with eagerness upon the pursuit.

"Its past noon," said Harburn, as they followed upon the trail of their enemies.

"But we may, I hope overtake them in camp to-night and possibly before they can have crossed the Illinois, though I fear the scoundrels will get the start of us in that matter."

For hours the two hunters sped swiftly upon the trail, which at dark they traced to a well known war-path, which led directly to the right hand of the Illinois, near the mouth of what was called Haskin's creek.

"The blood-thirsty villains!" said Harburn. "They have made a raft of logs and brushwood and got across. But never mind, they are somewhere about, and I do not know, after all, but what we shall stand a better chance with them, on this side. For very likely they will think themselves pretty safe now and there is some advantage in their thinking so."

The two friends now anxiously examined the opposite bank of the river, in order to discover, if possible, some signs of the presence of their adversaries.

"We have them!" quickly exclaimed Paul in a low voice, and pointing out the direction to his friend. "See you not that faint glimmer of light in the hollow way that leads from the shore?"

"Ay, ay," said the other, "you have had the advantage of me, though, this time. I see it move. The one thing wanting is to get ourselves across the river without discovery by the rascals. It will hardly do for us to put together a raft, for we shall surely be overhauled."

"No," said Paul, "we must wait the river, though it is somewhat broad, considering that we have our arms and ammunition to carry with us. However, I have no doubt we can accomplish it safely; what say you?"

"We must try, at all events," said Harburn. "But we had better cross a little lower down."

Choosing a spot a few rods below their former station, they stripped themselves of their clothing, fastening this and their ammunition in a bundle upon the top of their heads, and thus, with their rifles secured upon their left hips, they managed to reach the opposite shore. Having carefully examined their equipments, and attended to the due preparation of their rifles, they replaced a part of their dress and crawled slowly and cautiously to a position where they could obtain a view of their enemies.

The Indians were reposing about the fire in careless security; while at a little distance, Anne was with deep and bitter lamentations bewailing the loss of her parents and kindred and her own captivity. Near her was a white man endeavoring to console her with a promise of gentle treatment and of adoption into the tribe of her captors. Paul's suspicion was now fully confirmed. The traitor was no other than Pierre Boiteux!

Paul, in his rage was with difficulty restrained from firing upon him at once. Harburn seized his companion by the arm, as he whispered in his ear the following advice:

"Keep cool; let us wait till daylight, when we shall have a better chance at them. If we attack them now some of them will escape; and that will never answer. For one of us may get wounded in the fight; and as at the best we shall be retarded by the girl in our quick return, the heathen may be in time to bring those upon our trail whom we should now little like to meet."

The expediency of this advice was so plain, that Paul was obliged to concur.

Daylight at length began to appear. Harburn laid his hand upon the shoulder of his companion.

"Wait," said he, "it is a little lighter. I will give the signal and we will fire together. I will take one of the Indians, and perhaps you had better take another; that one with the green paint on his face, for instance. As for that white chap, I think we can make pretty sure of him afterwards; but we must get clear of these rascals, at all events."

Harburn presently gave the signal, and the rifles were discharged, each killing its man. Pierre Boiteux and the remaining Indian fled to the woods with a view more safely to ascertain the number of their assailants. Paul leaped forward knife in hand, to relieve Anne from the bonds which confined her. The next instant he was struck by a ball from Pierre's rifle and fell to the earth. He sprang quickly up, however, for the shot had only pierced his arm; and he was amply avenged; for at the very flash of Pierre Boiteux's rifle, a ball from Harburn's piece passed through the brain of the renegade.

The surviving Indian was now seen making his escape as fast as possible from the scene of action, sheltering his body as much as possible from observation. Harburn started in chase, for Paul was disabled from pursuing. The Indian after a while perceiving

that he was followed only by one man, darted behind an oak in order to level his rifle without risk of his own safety against the person of his antagonist. Harburn had instantly followed his example. His rifle had been reloaded as he ran. Taking his ramrod and placing his cap and a piece of cloth thereon, he advanced it slightly beyond the edge of his covert. Instantly sounded the crack of the Indian's rifle, and he rushed from behind the tree; but at that moment the fire of Harburn pierced his body, and springing in the air he sank down again lifeless upon the earth. The victory was complete. Not one of the hostile party was left to exult over their success, or to tell the tale of their bloody defeat.

Williston and his companion, with the rescued captive, now prepared for their return. The wounded arm first demanded attention; and the pain of the shattered limb was really much assuaged, when Anne, with careful and tender skill, applied the bandage. And we have understood the wound was wholly cured, when a few weeks after, Anne, in accordance with the entreaties of Williston, changed her name for his own.

Select Miscellany.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S PERIL.

In a cottage in the valley Salanches, near the foot of Mount Blanc, lived old Bernard and his three sons. One morning he lay in bed sick, and, burning with fever, watched anxiously for the return of his son, Jehan, who had gone to fetch a physician. At length a horse's tread was heard, and soon afterwards the doctor entered. He examined the patient closely, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and then said, patting the old man's cheek, "It will be nothing, my friend—nothing." But he made a sign to the three lads, who, open-mouthed and anxious, stood grouped around the bed. All four withdrew to a distant corner, the doctor shook his head, thrust out his lower lip, and said—

"'Tis a serious attack—very serious—of fever. He is now in the height of it, and as soon as it abates, he must have sulphate of quinine."

"What is that, doctor?"

"Quinine, my friend, is a very expensive medicine, but you may procure it at Salanches. Between the two fits, your father must take at least three francs' worth. I will write the prescription.—You can read, Guillaume?"

"Yes, doctor."

"And you will see that he takes it?"

"Certainly."

When the physician was gone, Guillaume,

CHESTER PRICES CURRENT.

GRAIN	PRICE
WHEAT, No. 1	1.10
WHEAT, No. 2	1.05
WHEAT, No. 3	1.00
WHEAT, No. 4	.95
WHEAT, No. 5	.90
WHEAT, No. 6	.85
WHEAT, No. 7	.80
WHEAT, No. 8	.75
WHEAT, No. 9	.70
WHEAT, No. 10	.65
WHEAT, No. 11	.60
WHEAT, No. 12	.55
WHEAT, No. 13	.50
WHEAT, No. 14	.45
WHEAT, No. 15	.40
WHEAT, No. 16	.35
WHEAT, No. 17	.30
WHEAT, No. 18	.25
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WHEAT, No. 101 to **WHEAT, No. 150** are all at **0.00**.

WHEAT, No. 151 to **WHEAT, No. 200** are all at **0.00**.

WHEAT, No. 201 to **WHEAT, No. 250** are all at **0.00**.

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WHEAT, No. 801 to **WHEAT, No. 850** are all at **0.00**.

WHEAT, No. 851 to **WHEAT, No. 900** are all at **0.00**.

WHEAT, No. 901 to **WHEAT, No. 950** are all at **0.00**.

Pascoville Female Seminary.

Under the direction of its Principal, Mrs. F. J. BLAKE, (formerly Mrs. F. J. Siglow) assisted by Miss SALLIE E. WILKINSON. Competent assistance will be procured for the Primary Department.

Rates of Tuition per Session.

Department	Rate
Primary Department	1.00
Embracing Reading, writing and spelling	1.50
Second Department	2.00
Embracing the above, together with Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography	6.00
First Department	1.00
Embracing all the above, together with all the higher branches of a thorough English education; such as Botany, Physiology, Philosophy, Chemistry, Ancient and Modern History, Astronomy, Geometry, Algebra, &c., &c.	8.00
Musical Piano, extra	18.00
Use of Piano	2.00
French Language	6.00
Latin Language	5.00
Needle Work	5.00
Drawing and Painting	5.00

J. G. BACKSTROM, Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

J. & T. M. Graham would return their thanks to their customers and the public generally for their former favor and patronage, and say that they are now receiving their new supply of

Groceries, Cheap for Cash! Chesterville, May 12.

CABINET BUSINESS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Chester District, that he has erected a Shop near Rich Hill, where he is prepared to carry on the

CABINET BUSINESS in its various branches. He would respectfully invite persons wishing to purchase Furniture to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

As his work heretofore has given satisfaction, he will endeavor for the future to suit the taste of those who may favor him with a call.

HUGH SIMPSON, Senr. Feb. 11

WHEAT AND CORN MILL.

THE undersigned has attached to his Mill at this place the most approved machinery for the manufacture of FLOUR, and is prepared to furnish an article of as good quality as can be had in this market.

He will grind Wheat regularly on every Thursday and Corn as heretofore, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

N. R. EAVES. Feb. 4, 1852.

N. O. Sugar and Molasses.

10 HDS N. O. Sugar, from 7 to 10c. 50 bbls. " Molasses, 40 to 50c. 30 " Rectified Whisky, at 33c to the barrel.

Just received at PINCHBACK'S Grocery Store.

West India Sugar and Molasses.

5 HDS W. I. Molasses, 30 to 35c. 5 " Sugar, 6 to 9c. At PINCHBACK'S Grocery Store.

Bacon and Lard.

10,000 LBS. Western Bacon Sides. 5,000 lbs. Country Cured, Bacon Round. 50 Kegs and Barrels Leaf Lard. For sale low, at PINCHBACK'S Grocery Store.

10,000 YARDS Brown Shirting, at 5c to 10c.

10 Bales Osnaburgh, at 9 to 10c. per yard. Bleached Hosiery, at 6 to 10c. 5,000 yds. Print, every style, at 5 to 15c. 500 yds. Fancy Alpaca, DeLaines and Merinos, at cost. AT PINCHBACK'S.

100 PIECES Fancy Dress Goods; Silks, Tissues, Barages, Grenadines, Embroidered Swiss and Organdy Muslins, from 25c to \$1.00 per yard. Just received.

AT PINCHBACK'S.

50 PIECES Printed Muslins, 12 1/2 to 37 1/2c.

100 New Style Bonnets, from \$1 to \$4. Trimmings to suit. AT PINCHBACK'S.

BOOTS & SHOES of every quality. Ladies' Slippers, Gaiters and Shoes, of every style and quality.

AT PINCHBACK'S.

CAMPEACHY HATS.

3 DOZEN of those everlasting Summer Hats. Just received AT PINCHBACK'S.

FASHIONABLE Moleskin Hats; Fur Hats of every shape; Straw and Palm-leaf Hats of every kind.

AT PINCHBACK'S.

A LARGE LOT OF Cheese, Mackerel, and Baltimore Flour, for sale by JAMES PAGAN & CO.

AT PINCHBACK'S.

Dr. WM. H. BABCOOK

Offers his Professional services to the public. His Office may be found at the plantation of Wm. D. Chisholm, six miles east of Chester Court House, on the Landford Road. April 14

PERFUMERY.

EXTRACTS for the Handkerchief, from the most celebrated French and English Perfumers. Fossils' celebrated Cologne, and other celebrated French and German Cologne, Cosmetics Cream, Hairdressing, Milk of Roses, Pomades and Hair Tonics of every variety. Call at the Chester Drug Store.

J. A. REEDY. Ladies can have their Cologne Bottles filled with Cologne Perfumed to suit their fancy.

H. FABIAN, WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER.

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chester and vicinity that he has opened a shop in a room of the building occupied by Maj. KENNEDY as a residence, where he is prepared to execute all work in the line of

Repairing Watches and Jewelry.

The following are his scale of prices: Cleaning Patent Lever.....\$1 50 do. Detached Lever, Lepine \$1 to 25 do. Verge Watches.....75 do. Clocks.....75 to 1 00 Crystals—Fine French glasses.....37 do. Common.....25 He will undertake to repair any Watch, Clock, Jewelry, or Musical Instruments, no matter how much broken and out of order; and will warrant the work 12 months.

Battalion Parade.

THE Western Battalion, 26th Regiment S. C. Militia, will parade at Baton Rouge, on Saturday the 24th July inst., armed and equipped as the law directs, for Battalion Exercise. The officers, commissioned and non-commissioned will appear on the day previous for drill and inspection.

Attention Battalion.

THE Eastern Battalion, 26th Regiment, S. C. Militia, will parade for Battalion exercise, on Saturday the 31st of July, at Timm's Old Field, (7 miles Southwest of Chester C. H., and 5 miles East of Baton Rouge.) The commissioned and non-commissioned officers will appear on the day previous for drill and inspection.

To Well Diggers.

SEALED proposals for digging a Well on the lot of the Male Academy, will be received by the Trustees of said Academy until the first Monday in August next. The contractor will be required to insure a sufficiency of water and deliver the well in complete order for use to the Trustees.

A Card.

MESSESS. G. F. KENNEDY, of Chester, and JAMES M. HURST, formerly one of the proprietors of the Planter's Hotel, Charleston, have leased the AMERICAN HOTEL, King street, and would respectfully solicit from their friends and the traveling public a portion of their patronage. We pledge ourselves that the guest of the Hotel will receive accommodation unsurpassed by any in the city.

E. J. WEST, SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER.

CHESTER, C. H., S. C. He is still engaged in the manufacture of Saddles, Bridles, Harness, TRUNKS, & C., which he will sell on as reasonable terms as articles of like quality can be had elsewhere. He uses only the best material, and his work being done under his personal supervision, he can safely warrant it to be executed in workmanlike manner. Any order with which his friends may favor him, can be filled on short notice.

REPAIRING

is done with despatch and promptness, and on reasonable terms. May 26

Chester Male Academy.

THE Trustees of this institution respectfully inform the public that they have engaged the services of JOHN M. BEATTY, for the ensuing year.

Mr. BEATTY is a graduate of the South Carolina College, and of high testimonials as to his character and scientific attainments. The Trustees flatter themselves that parents and guardians may safely entrust those under their care to him, as one eminently qualified to instruct and to prepare young men to enter the South Carolina College, or any College in the United States.

The prices of Tuition the same as heretofore. Board can be obtained in private families at reasonable prices. S. MCALLEY, Chairman of Board of Trustees. Dec. 24

Charlotte & S. C. Railroad.

THE Passenger Trains leave Chester daily (Sundays excepted), for Columbia, at 10.25, a. m., and arrive from Columbia, 11.15 a. m.

A line of four horse Stages runs in connection with the cars, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to Unionville, Glenn Springs, and Spartanburg. JOHN W. WALKER, Agent. June 23

WETHERELL'S PURE WHITE LEAD.

AND every variety of PAINTS, Spirits of Turpentine, Oils and Varnish. Just received, HENRY & HERNDON. June 30

SCHOOL BOOKS & STATIONARY.

A LARGE supply. Call at HENRY & HERNDON'S. June 30

KING'S MOUNTAIN IRON.

SUPERIOR to any other—of every description. A full supply. HENRY & HERNDON. June 30

Hay, Hay.

A LOT of fine East River Hay, for sale by JAMES PAGAN & CO. AT reduced price, by JAMES PAGAN & CO. June 30

Fine Baltimore Flour

AT reduced price, by JAMES PAGAN & CO. June 30

Corn, Bacon and Lard,

WILL be constantly kept at the very lowest price by JAMES PAGAN & CO. June 30

PRESTON'S PORTABLE LEMONADE

A GOOD substitute for the fresh Lemons. J. A. REEDY

BUGGY AND HARNESS FOR SALE.

An excellent second hand Buggy and Harness, all in good repair. The Buggy has a top, and is arranged for either one or two horses. Apply at this office. July 7

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT THE OLD STAND.

HENRY & HERNDON

ARE receiving, and are prepared to supply their customers and the public, with one of the largest and best selected Stocks to be found in the country. From their long experience in business, and having many advantages in the purchasing of their stock, they feel satisfied that they can offer as many inducements to purchasers as any other house.

Their Stock consists in part of Gentlemen's Coatings, Pantaloon, and Vestings in every variety and quality. Ladies' fancy, plain and mourning Dress Goods, latest style and every quality. Lace, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Ribbons, Edgings, Shawls, Scarfs, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, new and fashionable.

Linens and cotton Sheetings and Shirtings, Diapers, Towelings, Napkins, &c. Ladies' Misses and Childrens Hats and Bonnets, new style. Gentlemen's Hats of every variety.

A Good Stock of Tools for Blacksmiths, Carpenters, and Tanners; and a great many other articles that it is not necessary to enumerate, are to be had here.

May, 1852.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW SPRING GOODS, DAVEGA & BENNETT

WOULD respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are just in receipt of their SPRING & SUMMER STOCK, which they will sell at the lowest cash prices, viz:

Fancy Colored Silks, at 75 cts. per yard. Colored Muslins, at 12 1/2 cts. per yard. Beautiful Silk Tissues and Barages, at 37 1/2 cts. A handsome assortment of Gingham, from 12 1/2 cts. up. Handmade Calicoes from 6 1/2 to 12 cts. Fine Cambric Handkerchiefs from 10 cts. up. Worked Collars, some at 12 1/2 cts. Silk and Grenadine Mantles.

Also—A complete assortment of Fine Fancy Goods.

BONNETS.—We would invite the attention of the Ladies to our Stock of Bonnets, which will be found to be superior to any in the market. CLOTHING.—A complete assortment of Ready Made Summer Clothing, which we are selling surprisingly cheap.

Also—A complete assortment of Hardware, Groceries, Drugs & Medicines, Boots & Shoes, Hats, &c. &c.

We would state to those in want of Goods that we are determined not to be undersold, not even by those that are selling at cost. Just give us a call and we can convince you of the fact. DAVEGA & BENNETT. April 28

Head Quarters, 6th Reg. Cavalry, S. C. M., WINNABRO, June 14, 1852.

In obedience to orders from Maj. Gen. Buchanan, an election will be held at Yonkersville, between the hours of eleven o'clock, A. M., and three o'clock, P. M., on the twelfth day of August next, for Brigadier General of third Brigade of Cavalry, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. Wm. A. Owens.

Lieut. Col. Macon, and Major Part, are hereby invited to assist as managers of the election. By order of Col. T. J. Aiken, Com'g. 6th Regiment Cavalry. D. WYATT AIKEN, Adjutant. June 23

PERSONS indebted to the firm of McDonald & Pinchback, will find the Books and Notes of that concern with D. Pinchback at his new Dry Goods Store, where they are earnestly requested to call and settle as early as possible. Those having open accounts will confer a favor by closing them, if it is only by note, but cash would be preferred as we wish to have all of our accounts closed up by the first of October. McDONALD & PINCHBACK. June 23

Infalible Yeast Powder.

BEWARE of imitations! The genuine Preston & Merrill's Infalible Yeast Powder for sale at the Chester Drug Store, next door to the Kennedy House. J. A. REEDY.

Family Soap.

A NEW PATENT SOAP—can be used with any kind of water. A large washing can be done in one-third less time and with less trouble and expense than with any other soaps known. For sale at the Chester Drug Store. J. A. REEDY.

Tobacco.

THE best Chewing Tobacco to be had by calling at the Chester Drug Store. J. A. REEDY.

Cooking Soda.

A Superior article at 10 cents, cash. Salutaris J. A. REEDY.

Toilet and Fancy Soaps

OF every description, cheap, at the Chester Drug Store. J. A. REEDY.

Castor Oil.

FOR sale by the gallon or bottle; quart bottles at 40 cents, warranted of best quality. J. A. REEDY.

Blake's Patent Fire Proof Paint.

A Cheap and durable article. J. A. REEDY.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to me for Blacksmithing, are notified that my books are placed in the hands of J. A. Williamson, Esq., for collection. They will call on him and make payment without delay, as no longer indulgence will be given. MATTHEW WILLIAMS. Jan. 21

Lard!

A LOT of LEAF LARD, of superior quality, just by the gallon or barrel, by BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER. June 30

Beef! Beef!!

THE undersigned have formed a Partnership for the purpose of supplying this market with Beef, and other fresh meats. They will endeavor to procure the best of the country afford. The highest cash prices will be paid for Bees in good order. HENRY LETSON, JNO. D. SIMRLI. June 30

CHEAP! CHEAPER!! CHEAPEST!!! New Spring Goods.

THE subscribers have just received and are now opening at Rock Hill Depot, on the Charlotte & S. C. Rail Road, a large and fine selection of Foreign and Domestic Goods, suitable to the Spring Trade.

Gentlemen's and Ladies' Dress Goods of every variety. Hardware and Cutlery. Boots and Shoes. HATS of every variety—latest styles. BONNETS of every variety. SADDLERY and WHIPS. UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WALK SLEEP.

No person of active mind should try to prevent sleep, which, in such persons, only comes when rest is indispensable to the continuance of health. In fact sleep once in twenty-four hours is as essential to the existence of man as the momentary respiration of fresh air. The most unfavorable condition for sleep cannot prevent its approach. Coachmen slumber on their coaches, and couriers on their horses, whilst soldiers fall asleep on the field of battle, amidst the noise of artillery and the tumult of war. During the retreat of Sir John Moore, several of the British soldiers were reported to have fallen asleep upon the march, and yet they continued walking onward. The most violent passions and excitement of mind cannot prevent even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon on that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torments cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to sleep on the rack. Noises which serve at first to drive away sleep, soon become innoxious to its existence; thus a stage coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick mother, who has her child stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the child resumed its usual noise. Homer, in the Iliad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, excepting Jupiter alone. The length of time passed in sleep is not the same for all men; it varies in different individuals and at different ages; but it cannot be determined from the time passed in sleep, relative to the strength or energy of the functions of the body or mind. From six to nine hours is the average proportion; yet the Roman Emperor, Caligula, slept only three hours. Frederick of Prussia, and Dr. John Hunter, consumed only four hours in repose, while the great Scipio slept during eight. A rich and lazy citizen will slumber from ten to twelve hours daily. It is during this time that sleep is longest and most profound. Women also sleep longer than men, and young men longer than old. Sleep is a way during convalescence, after a long sickness, by a long fasting and abstinence of food. The sleepless nights of old age are almost proverbial. It would appear that voracious animals sleep in general longer than the herbivorous, as the superior activity of the muscles and sense of the former seem more especially to require repair.

HEALTH.

What an important interest does health contain in social life. Not a friend meets a friend, but the first inquiry is about health—the arbiter of our destiny—it controls the enjoyments of the human family. A boon as precious as that contained in the golden shores of the Pacific, yet its attainment is but lightly regarded. We are intrusted with the keeping of a temple fearfully and wonderfully made. Should ever the "silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the wheel be broken at the cistern," from our violation of the laws of our being, we shall be held responsible for such transgression. A rapid declension in the life and health of man has taken place; for how few there are who do not mourn the early death. Two-thirds of the human race have some chronic ailments which they have inherited, or entailed upon themselves.

Scrophula, in some of its *hydra* forms, taints the life-current of the race. All the sympathies which cluster around the human heart are aroused at the alarming encroachments which disease is making upon the human family. The character of disease is changed; those of an older date and type excite nothing of the dread their more modern rivals create. *Ship fever, cholera, and dysentery*—dread tri-umphants—have enshrouded the globe with their victims. Nations have been decimated by their ravages, and their black wings have hovered along the highways of commerce. The strong man trembles at the doubtful tenure of his life. It is evident that long continued violations of the physical laws of our being have weakened the vitality of the race, and to that extent can we trace the premature decay of the citizen in which we dwell. It would be a privilege to charge the vast evil and its effects to nature, for nature is kind. Her efforts are always for health—from the gathering of the dew-drop on the tiny flower, to the raging of the tempest, while the storm-king is abroad. If man is responsible for the fearful increase and malignancy of disease, the clarion of alarm should be sounded. The hardness of the race depend upon our efforts. What is needed? It is not medicine, for their profusion has long been deleterious. We must return to the noble, invigorating customs of the Greeks and Romans. We must establish the *gymnasium and the baths*. Our fragile and delicate ladies must take to the open air. Health must be wooed in long rambles on the hill-tops, in equestrian journeys, and in the cultivation of flowers, whose rosy petals will reflect their hues on the pallid cheeks. The perpetuity of the race, depends largely upon those who are to fill the places of our once happy mothers.

Out-door plays and pastimes, as the grace-ful, battle-dance, jumping rope, and skating and sleigh-riding, in imitation of Northern Europe, must become universal. The subject of attention should be paid to the subject of ventilation. All public and private rooms

should be properly ventilated, for every adult person requires over two hundred thousand cubic inches of pure air every twenty-four hours to properly oxidize the blood; while in that time is expelled forty thousand cubic inches of carbonic acid gas, which is destructive to life. Baking, as conducive to health, should be religiously performed. The Mohammedan, who, to fulfill the requirements of his religion, will bathe in sand when he cannot find water, ought to be an example to us. The skin is an important waste-organ to the system, and its millions of pores need a daily attention to perform their health preserving office. Too much attention has been paid to the intellect, to the neglect of the physical faculties. Our lunatic asylums are crowded with those whose physical energies were unable to sustain the excitement of the intellectual organs. In sane asylums are a modern necessity.—*Family Circle and Parlor Ann.*

HORRORS OF A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Stand, in imagination, on a summer's morning, upon a field of battle. Earth and sky melt together in light and harmony. The air is rich with fragrance, and sweet with the song of birds; but suddenly break in the sounds of fierce music, and the measured tramp of thousands. Eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and files of bristling steel kindle in the sun; and opposed to each other, line to line, face to face, are now arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, and whose nature he had touched to the same issues. The same heart beats in all. In the momentary hush, like a swift mist, sweeps before them the image of home; voices of children prattle in their ears; memories of affection stir among their silent prayers. They cherish the same sanctities, too. They have read from the same book. It is to them the same charter of life and salvation. They have been taught to observe its beautiful lessons of love. Their hearts have been touched alike with the meek example of Jesus. But a moment, and all these affinities are broken, trampled under foot, swept away by the shock and shouting. Confusion rends the air; the shimmering bomb plunges up the earth; the iron hail cuts the quivering flesh; the steel bites to the bone, the cannon shot crashes thro' serried ranks; and under the clouds of smoke that hide both earth and heaven, the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes, and the strife ceases. On the one side there is victory, on the other defeat. The triumph plume is lighted with jubilee, the Streets roll out their titles of acclamation and the peal of thanksgiving; but under that tumultuous joy there are bleeding homes and inconsolable tears; and, whether in triumph or defeated lands, a shudder, of orphanage and widowhood, a chill of woe and death, runs far and wide through the world. The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead. And see now how much woman has mingled with the inevitable evils of the universe? See, now, the fierceness of his passion, the folly of his wickedness, witnessed by the torn standards, the broken wheels, the pools of clotted blood, the charred earth, the festering heaps of slain! Nature did not make these horrors; and when these fattened bones shall have mouldered in the soil, she will spread out luxuriant harvests and hide these horrors forever.

EDITING A PAPER.

Hear what the National Intelligencer says about editing a newspaper: Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talent, of its editor by the editorial matter it contains. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one wishy-washy everlasting flood, and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the toil of such a man who displays his leaded matter largely, to that imposed on a judicious, well informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of his responsibilities and duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, a humane physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor better known by his selections than anything else, and that we all know is half the battle. But as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper, its tone, its principle and aims, its manliness, its dignity and propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all.

Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the 'devil' his rule for punctuation. Said he, 'I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want another chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph.' We cannot withhold these rules, so admirably for their simplicity, from the public.

Humorous Reading.

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drake's. They lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of the acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundaries of their respective farms, revealed the latent flame; and Col. Crickley having followed one fat buck all one afternoon, wounded him, came up to him at dark, and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up. This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river; purposely mistaking them for wild ones, and then by way of retaliation, commenced killing each other's pigs and calves.

One evening Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home, with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to secure a load of game. Sam Barton was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old man is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered the old man Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about a mile from the road. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took his rifle from the bottom of his wagon, and raising it to his shoulder drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old man Sam easy!" "Shoot," suggested Sam who loved him in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter glancing cautiously about him. "I won't tell," said Sam.

"Well I won't shoot him this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too high. It was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a large possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel stepped from behind a big oak tree, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?" The old man stammered in some confusion—

"That you Colonel? I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for you pull."

"Say an 'X' and it's a bargain!" Drake felt for his rifle and then looked at old Sam.

"How much is the horse worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"Bout fifty."

"I'll do it Colonel, here's your 'X'." The Colonel pocketed the money muttering—

"Managed if I thought you'd take me up!" With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon and drew a sight on old Sam.

Sam Barton chuckled. The Colonel put his hands before his face and chuckled too.

Crack! went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Sam never stirred.

Drake stared at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you hey? Fast time you ever served me such a trick, I swear."

And Drake loaded his piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so, its a lie thundered Drake, "I can shoot!"

"A horse ten rods; ha! ha!" Drake was livid.

"Look yere; Colonel, I can't stand that," he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneezed the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away with a deadly aim too, but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and utter astonishment of the hunter, old Sam looked him right in the face, as if he liked the fun.

"Drake!" cried Sam, "you're drunk! a horse at a dozen rods—oh my eye!"

"Just you shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake. "The bullet was hollow I'll swear. The man lies who says I can't shoot. Last week I cut out a goose head at fifteen rods, and I can do it again. By the old Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet thirty dollars I can bring down your old man at one shot."

The wager was rapidly accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated at the idea of winning back his two tens, and making an 'X' in the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball and buckskin patch and headed his rifle.

It was nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by star-light and without any hesitation, he drew a clear sight on the old man's head.

A minute later, and Drake was diving through the grove, the most enraged, and most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent of his ire, lay with broken stock, on the bot-

tom of his wagon. Sam Barton was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and roan was standing under the tree.

When Drake reached home, and his two sons discovered his ill humor and the mutilated condition of the rifle stock, they hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out!" growled the angry old man. "I don't want the news, get out of my way, or I shall knock one of you down."

"But father, it is such a trick!" "Blast you and your tricks!"

"—Played on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to feel interested. "If you've played on Colonel a trick, less wear it."

"Well, father, I did and I went out this afternoon for me!"

"Hang the deer, come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so I set a bang away at the Colonel's old man—shot him dead!"

"Shot old man? thundered the old hunter. "By the old Harry, I did, and you shoot the Colonel's horse!"

"I would do anything else."

"Sold by thunder!" exclaimed old Drake. "And then?" pursued Jack, confident that the joke part of the story must please his father. "—and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees, exactly as it was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! ha! ha! wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's heart fell upon his breast. He felt his empty pocket book and looked at his rifle. "Then in a rapid tone he whispered to the boys,

"It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it—I'll skin you alive! By the old Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour, at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment Sam fell in the gutter. Jack dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

A lady from the "far, far west," with her husband, awaked on the night of their arrival in the city of Penn., by an alarm of fire, and the yell of several companies of firemen, as they dashed along the streets.

"Husband! husband!" she cried, shaking her wretched half into consciousness. "Only hear the infernal! why this beats all the scalp dances I ever heard!"

"Nonsense," growled the gentleman composing himself to sleep—"There are no Indians in Philadelphia."

"No Indians, indeed?" she replied, "as if I didn't know a war hoop when I heard one!"

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, they were saluted with the enquiry of: "Did you hear the engines last night?"

"What a noise they made!"

"Turning to her husband with an air of triumph the lady exclaimed—

"There, I told you they were infernal!"

A young man, who was a great talker, was sent by his parents to Socrates to learn wisdom. On being presented to Socrates, the lad spoke so incessantly that he was out of all patience. When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double price.

"Why charge me double?" said the young fellow.

"Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

TREATMENT OF POULTRY.

The following rules are authoritatively laid down for the treatment of poultry:

1. All young chickens, ducks and turkeys, should be kept under cover, out of the weather, during rainy seasons.

2. Two or three times a week, pepper, shallots, shives or garlic should be mixed up with their food.

3. A small lump of asafoetida should be placed in the pan in which water is given them to drink.

4. Whenever they manifest disease, by the drooping of the wings, or any other outward sign of ill health, a little asafoetida broken into small lumps should be mixed with their food.

5. Chickens which are kept from the dung hill while young, seldom have the gapes; therefore, it should be the object of those who have the charge of them, so to confine the hens as to prevent their young from the range of barn or stable yards.

6. Should any of the chickens have the gapes mix up small portions of asafoetida, rhubarb and pepper, in fresh butter, and give each chicken as much of the mixture as will lie upon half the bowl of a small teaspoon.

7. For the pip, the following treatment is judicious: take off the indurated covering on the point of the tongue, and give twice a day, for two or three days, a piece of garlic as big as a pea. If garlic cannot be obtained, onion, shallot, or shives will answer; and if neither of them be convenient, two grains of black pepper, given in fresh butter, will answer.

8. For the snuffles, the same remedy as for the gapes will be found highly curative, but in addition to this, it will be necessary to melt a little asafoetida in fresh butter, and rub the chicken about the nostrils, taking care to clean them out.

9. Grown up ducks are sometimes taken off rapidly by convulsions. In such cases four grains of rhubarb and four grains of Cayenne pepper, mixed in fresh butter, should be administered.—*Scientific American.*

CHESTER DISTRICT BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Town Council.

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Meetings.—First Saturday in every month, at candlelight.

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John Pinchback, *Sheriff.*John Robinson, *Clerk of Court.*Peter Wylie, *Ordinary.*Jas. A. Thomas, *Tax Collector.*James Houghlin, *Comptroller in Equity.*John Charles, *Courier.*James Graham, *Executioner.*

Magistrates.

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